MARVEL® COMICS

EXILES®

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

M 2

THE SACRIFICE

Her name is Lorraine Denosta, but everyone calls her Lori.

She only felt a *little* pain when it happened.

Her son *Michael* didn't want to come downtown with his mother. Instead, he wanted to watch *television*.

But she didn't feel *comfortable* leaving him home alone.

Truth be told, it wouldn't have made *any difference*. They only live *three miles* away from downtown...

SIX STRANGERS, EACH AN X-MAN FROM A DIFFERENT REALITY, BROUGHT TOGETHER TO INSURE THAT LIFE AS WE KNOW IT DOESN'T CEASE TO EXIST! BLINK — TELEPORTER; MIMIC — POWERED BY HIS REALITY'S X-MEN; MAGNUS — SON OF MAGNETO AND ROGUE; THUNDERBIRD — SUPER-STRENGTH AND SENSES; NOCTURNE — DAUGHTER OF NIGHTCRAWLER; AND MORPH — SHAPE-CHANGING FUNNY MAN. DESTINED TO FIX THE KINKS IN THE CHAINS OF REALITY, STAN LEE PRESENTS THE EXILES IN

SINS OF THE FATHER

...and it hit *everyone* within a five mile radius.

Phoenix, Arizona.

Charles Xavier walked into the middle of the city and unleashed the most powerful *mindblast* he could summon.

After years of imprisonment, he finally allowed that rage to *take form.*

"*Comatose and possibly brain dead...*" would be the repeated phrase on the news reports.

"*The final head count is still under way but it's estimated at a quarter of a million people.*"

And it's all *their fault.*

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Blink and a team of alternate reality castaway mutants have been *forced* into a *mission.*

They hop from reality to reality, righting the wrongs, and setting each timeline back on its *true path.*

In this reality, where superbeings have been either *eradicated* or *confined,* this group of *Exiles* were told by their mysterious *Tallus* to "*Find the one who would lead you... your greatest teacher.*"

It seemed a *no-brainer* to the heroes here assembled:

Blink.

Nocturne.

Thunderbird.

Magnus.

Morph.

But after finding the devastation that had been wrought, Morph was the first one to say it out loud...

"...I guess we weren't supposed to free Professor Xavier *after all,* huh?"

This is their first mission and they have only caused the *worst disaster* in this world's history.

And it weighs *more heavily* on some than others.

YOU RECUPERATE FAST.

NOT AS FAST AS *YOU,* MIMIC.

WELL, NOT ALL OF US ARE BLESSED WITH *WOLVERINE'S* RAPID HEALING FACTOR, CLARICE.

I ONLY HAVE *HALF* ITS POTENCY, BUT IT'S STILL *A LOT.*

WE SHOULD GET MOVING SOON. HOW ARE THE *OTHERS?*

ANOTHER HOUR, WE'LL BE GOOD. IT'S NOT EVERY DAY THAT THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL PSYCHIC TRIES TO TURN YOUR BRAIN INTO *TUNAFISH.*

IT'S A FIRST TIME FOR ME, TOO. I'VE NEVER TAKEN THE *FULL BRUNT* OF ONE OF CHARLES'S MIND BLASTS BEFORE.

IN TRAINING HE MIGHT OCCASIONALLY HIT US WITH ONE... OH YEAH, AND ONE TIME WHEN HE WAS INFECTED BY THE *BROOD*, BUT--

YOU SHOULD PROBABLY STOP DOING THAT, CALVIN.

DOING *WHAT?*

THIS ISN'T *YOUR* CHARLES XAVIER. THIS ISN'T THE MAN WHO *TRAINED* YOU, OR *LED* YOU.

THIS IS A MAN OF *INCREDIBLE POWER* WHO HAS EITHER BEEN DRIVEN MAD, OR PERHAPS *ALWAYS WAS.*

WE'VE UNLEASHED HIM UPON THIS WORLD AND NOW WE'RE OBLIGATED TO *STOP* HIM.

WHAT HAVE WE DONE, CLARICE...?

...HOW CAN WE...

...I JUST NATURALLY ASSUMED THAT IT WAS *SUPPOSED* TO BE CHARLES... I NEVER THOUGHT ANY VERSION OF HIM WOULD BE CAPABLE OF DOING *THIS...* I...

IT'S *OUR MESS* NOW, MIMIC. AND WE HAVE TO *FIX* IT.

THIS TIME, WE'LL JUST MOVE MORE *CAUTIOUSLY.*

The Mountridge facility.

One hundred miles off the coast of New York City.

"THEY'RE *ALL* DEAD?"

"NOT *DEAD*. JUST SLEEPING. IN COMAS OR SOME DAMN THING..."

...WASHINGTON SAID IT MIGHT BE A WHOLE *MOVEMENT*. THAT'S WHY WE'RE ON FULL ALERT. THOSE *FREAKS* MIGHT HEAD UP HERE AND WANT TO FREE SOME OF THESE OTHER ANIMALS.

MAN, I'D HATE TO SEE THIS MENAGERIE--

THUMP!

DON'T MIND ME, GENTLEMEN, I'LL JUST *HELP MYSELF*... AS SOON AS I FIND THE ONE OF YOU WHOSE MIND HAS... AH, *THERE* IT IS...

...THE *KEY CODE*.

GOOD GOD... WAS I IN AS BAD A SHAPE AS *THIS?* I HOPE I SMELLED BETTER.

I WILL SAY, *CAIN,* YOU'VE CERTAINLY *FILLED OUT* OVER THE YEARS...

...YOU'RE A VERITABLE *JUGGERNAUT.*

Among many questions the team pondered was one of "*technology*".

The prison that held Xavier was much more *advanced* than one would assume for a world without a *Reed Richards, Tony Stark,* or *Bruce Banner.*

Suggestions were made.

Conclusions were drawn.

And another *Cerebro* was formed to track down the possibles.

Then they *found* him.

Feelings ran mixed between disappointment and *complete rage.*

Because in each of their worlds...

...*Forge* had been one of *them.*

THEY'LL... BE HERE FOR... YOU SOON... SENSORS EVERYWHERE...

SENSORS, DETECTORS AND ALARMS MADE OF *METAL.*

DON'T WORRY. YOU COULDN'T PHONE FOR *PIZZA* IF YOU WANTED TO.

MY, MY, MY, MR. FORGE... YOU'VE BUILT YOURSELF *QUITE* THE *DIGS.*

IS THIS PART OF THE BENEFITS PACKAGE OF BEING THIS GENERATION'S *DR. MENGELE?*

NOW, THERE ARE A FEW THINGS WE NEED TO KNOW. YOU *WILL* TELL US--

OR?

OR FIRST WE LET *NOCTURNE* BACK AT YOU...

...*THEN* WE MAY LET THE METALLURGIST GENTLEMAN NAMED *MAGNUS* BEHIND ME BOIL THE IRON CONTAINED IN YOUR BLOOD.

AND WE HAVEN'T EVEN GOTTEN TO WHAT *THUNDERBIRD* WILL DO TO YOU.

FINE... I'LL TELL YOU WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW...

There was a quick explanation of who these "*rogue mutants*" actually were, and what they sought.

But Forge wasn't very forthcoming at first.

Then Thunderbird promised to crush both his artificial leg and hand into a *metal ball*.

He began opening up after that...

He could provide them with the *very devices* that enabled this world to confine and/or exterminate an entire race.

Tracking instruments.

Power dampeners.

But most importantly-- *information.*

AND THE "*TEACHER,*" THE "*ONE WHO WOULD LEAD*"... I THINK THAT'S PRETTY *OBVIOUS.* THERE WAS ONLY ONE MAN WHO WANTED TO BAND TOGETHER ALL THE POWERED BEINGS AROUND THE WORLD... AND *PEACEFULLY* AT THAT.

ERIK LEHNSHERR... THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN AN ALIAS THOUGH. HE MOSTLY WENT BY A CODE NAME-- *MAGNETO.*

HE'S THE ONE WHO IS SUPPOSED TO...? I DIDN'T--

WHERE DO WE FIND HIM, FORGE?

The New York Stock Exchange.

The center of the world's commerce.

Until today...

BA-BOOM!

When the X-MEN appeared.

Newly escaped from maximum security facilities.

Charles Xavier.

His stepbrother, Cain Marko.

Johnny Storm, former adventurer turned super-being turned convict.

Jessica Drew, known in some worlds as Spider-Woman.

The mysterious Domino.

And young Mr. Starsmore. Chamber.

WE'RE STICKING TO THE ORIGINAL PLAN?

YES. TEAR THE *WHOLE* THING DOWN. SO MANY WOULD THINK DISRUPTING THE WORLD'S ECONOMY WOULD INVOLVE *HACKING.*

BUT WHY USE COMPUTERS WHEN SOMETHING MORE *VISCERAL* AND *DRAMATIC* WILL DO?

AND THIS WAY WE GET TO *KILL* PEOPLE, AS WELL.

YES, *OBVIOUSLY.* THESE *PERKS* GO HAND IN HAND.

YOU ALL LIKE THAT *SMELL?! IT'S JUST BURNT FLESH!*

HOOOOARCH

YOU SHOULD TRY THE SCENT OF *GANGRENE* ON AN INHIBITOR BRACE WHILE YOU *ROT* IN SOLITARY!!

CRY-BABY!

I HAVEN'T HAD A SENSE OF SMELL, TASTE, OR VISION IN ONE EYE IN *EIGHT YEARS!*

ZARK!

AND WE CAN HELP YOU ALL IF YOU *STOP* THIS INSANITY! SLAUGHTERING HUMANS IS *NOT* THE SOLUTION TO YOUR PERSECUTION!

LEAVE WITH US NOW!!

DAMN IT!

HE'S WEARING *DISRUPTERS!* I CAN'T HIT THEM FROM A DISTANCE!

APPARENTLY OUR *REFUGEES* FROM THESE ALTERNATE REALITIES HAVE BEEN *SEEING THE SIGHTS!*

A VISIT TO THAT BACK-STABBING, FASCIST, COWARD *FORGE* I ASSUME!

DID FORGE *TELL* YOU WHAT HE HELPED *DO* TO US?!

THE *SLAUGHTER!* THE *EXPERIMENTS!* THE CHILDREN MURDERED BEFORE THEY EVEN HAD A CHANCE TO *LIVE!*

I KNOW OF TORTURE!

BUT YOU ATTACK *INNOCENTS!* WHAT HAVE THESE PEOPLE DONE TO *YOU?!*

ACK-ACK-ACK-ACK-ACK!

THEY SAT IDLY BY AND *LET IT ALL HAPPEN!* THEY VOTED FOR LAWS TO *STERILIZE* US! TO TERMINATE OUR *PREGNANCIES!* TO *IMPRISON* US ALL!!

ACK-ACK-ACK-ACK-ACK!

THESE WALL STREET MONKEYS?! *NAH!* THEY JUST CRUSH DOT-COMS AND *DRESS POORLY!*

I MEAN, THE SOLID-COLOR TIE THING *HAS* TO GO.

CAN YOU NOT *SEE* THAT WE ARE AT *WAR?*

WE MUST TAKE THE FIGHT TO *THEM,* MEET THEIR TERROR WITH OUR *OWN!*

ENOUGH TALK!!

THEY HAVE NO INTEREST IN JOINING US - THEY ONLY WANT TO STOP US; THEY'RE AS BAD AS FORGE!

I AGREE! THE TIME FOR TALK IS OVER! MORPH! NOW!

SURE, WHILE I'M HALF-DRESSED HERE.

KILL 'EM !! KILL 'EM ALL!!

FOOOSH!

BOOOM

GRAHHH!

A DAMPENER!!

TZAAAT

One hundred miles off the coast of Tahiti

I'M NOT PICKING UP ANY TRANSMISS ONS. THE DETENTION FACILITY MUST BE *JAMMING* THEM. PERHAPS WHEN WE GET CLOSER...

WE'RE *TOO VISIBLE* FLYING IN. I'M GOING TO TRY AND TELEPORT AGA N. WE CAN GET TO THE PRISON A LOT SOONER AND--

NO! YOU NEARLY HAD A *SEIZURE* WHEN YOU TRIED TO 'PORT INLAND. FORGE SAID THAT THE "*POWER SCRAMBLERS*" BEAMING OFF THE PR SON AREN'T SOMETHING TO *MESS AROUND* WITH.

WE'RE LUCKY THAT MAGNUS IS ABLE TO WORK THROUGH THEM!

BARELY. I'M DO NG EVERYTHING I *CAN* TO MAINTAIN CONTROL.

THERE. THERE'S THE PRISON.

I'LL GO N *LOW.*

NO. YOU COME IN FROM *ABOVE.* LAND IN THE YARD.

IS THAT *WISE?*

I DON'T THINK IT MAKES ANY DIFFERENCE, MAGNUS.

DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ANYONE'S AROUND...

FORGE *LIED.* MAGNETO ISN'T HERE. THERE'S *NO ONE* HERE. THIS ROCK IS ABANDONED.

OR *EXPUNGED*-- WAIT. I'M INTERCEPTING A *RADIO RELAY*...

...IT SAYS THE *PRISONERS* ARE STILL HERE, BUT THE SECURITY OFFICERS EVACUATED OVER TWENTY MINUTES AGO.

God in heaven.

There won't be enough time

WHAT IS IT, MAGGIE? WHAT'S *WRONG?*

IT'S A TRAP! THE PRISONERS ARE *LOCKED IN* DOWN BELOW

THE WHOLE FACILITY IS SET TO *SELF-DESTRUCT.*

AND THEY'RE GOING TO BLOW IT UP WITH AN *ATOMIC BOMB.*

WE'VE GOT TO GET *EVERYONE* OUT! CALL *MIMIC!* WE'LL NEED THE *WHOLE TEAM!*

AND THOSE BLUEPRINTS OF THE MAXIMUM SECURITY LEVEL, MAGNUS, PUNCH THOSE--

THERE *WON'T* BE TIME.

WHAT!

HEY!

YOU'LL BE SAFE ON THE BEACH. *I'LL* TRANSPORT THE PRISONERS.

AND *SHIELD* EVERYONE FROM THE *BLAST.*

MAGNETO'S *NOT* MY FATHER.

BUT ALL THE SAME...

...PLEASE DON'T TELL HIM WHO I WAS.

IT WOULDN'T BE *FAIR.*

NO! MAGNUS! YOU *DON'T* HAVE TO DO THIS *ALONE!*

HEY!! STOP THIS!!

NO. THIS IS HOW IT SHOULD BE.

"IT IS FATE."

LAY DOWN, MARKO!

DON'T MAKE ME HAVE TO KILL YOU!

NO ONE DIES! YOU HEAR ME, JOHN-- NO ONE!

THERE'S BEEN ENOUGH ATROCITY ALREADY, AND SOME IN OUR WAKE!

BA-KAM!!

OH, I DON'T KNOW, BIG GUY! I COULD USE A LITTLE DESTRUCTIVE-TYPE HELP!

LIKE RIGHT-FREAKIN'-NOW! VOLCANO CHEST HERE IS BURPING AT ME!!

THANK YOU!

Y'SEE? THAT WASN'T *SO* HARD AND DISTASTE-FUL!

BWAAK!

YOU'RE REALLY HANDY FOR A SCARY, MOROSE, BRINGER-OF-DEATH TYPE, *YA KNOW?!*

SHUT UP.

SHUTTING UP!

CUT, DAMN YOU! I WILL *NOT* BE LEFT *HELPLESS* LIKE THIS! IT *WEAKENS* ME THE LONGER IT HAS CONTACT!

STOP SQUIRMING-- I'VE ALMOST GOT IT!

THERE!

AT LAST!

NO, CHARLES. *IT'S OVER.*

BRAAK!

WE'RE NOT TAKING YOU BACK TO THAT *PRISON*--BUT WE CAN'T ALLOW YOU TO *BRING HARM* TO ANYONE ELSE!

CLEAN UP TIME, LADIES! *THE BIG FINISH!*

LOOK AT YOU, CALVIN! *PATHETIC!*

YOUR THOUGHTS SHOW THAT *EXISTENCE* OF YOURS! HOW *IDYLLIC!* HOW *QUAINT!*

AND YOU LOOK AT ME AND SEE SOME CRIPPLED, SURROGATE *FATHER FIGURE!*

I AM SO SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU!!

AAAH!

NO!

AAAUGH!

YES. WE *WILL* FINISH THIS.

Please, Professor... *don't* do this...

...in my world you were my teacher... my *father*...

"...it doesn't have to *end* this way."

CRACK

CRACK

CRACK

CRACK

CRACK

CRACK

They represent some of the *best* of their breed. They are the *heroes.*

And they will *change* this world.

They have been given a *new life.*

At the expense of *one*.

CHARMING.

AN A-BOMB MADE COMPLETELY FROM *PLASTIC* COMPONENTS.

APPARENTLY, FATHER, THEY FEARED *YOU*, MOST OF ALL.

YOU'LL *PROVE THEM WRONG*, DAD.

I AM THE *NECESSARY* EVIL TO BRING ABOUT THE *GREATER* GOOD!

THIS HOLOCAUST WILL END BECAUSE OF *MY* WILL!

ANY *SON* WOULD RECOGNIZE HIS *FATHER'S* VISION!!

I *know* my father's vision.

WHU--?

SNNNKKKT!

BABOOOOOOM

CAK!

CAK!

CAK!

CAK!

CAK!

CAK!

WE SHOULD HAVE BEEN ABLE TO *HELP*... HE DIDN'T HAVE TO... HE...

NO. HE WAS *RIGHT*...

...THERE WAS NO OTHER WAY.

IT WAS UNDER *MAGNETO'S* TEACHINGS THAT I BECAME WHO I AM. AND I CAN *ASSURE* YOU...

"...IT'S WHAT *HE* WOULD HAVE DONE."

THERE WERE NO REMAINS?

NO. HE WAS AT THE *EPICENTER* OF THE BLAST. IT IS *ASTOUNDING* HE WAS ABLE TO CONTAIN IT AND SAVE US ALL. A SACRIFICE THAT SHOULD BE REMEMBERED.

MAGNUS, YOU SAID HIS NAME WAS...?

YES.

HOW IRONIC THAT WE BEAR SIMILAR...

IN YOUR WORLDS, DID I HAVE A *CONNECTION* TO THIS YOUNG MAN?

NO. BUT HE WAS A GREAT *ADMIRER* OF YOURS.

IN MY WORLD, YOU WERE A TEACHER.

WE ALL FOLLOWED YOUR EXAMPLE.

THEN I WILL HAVE TO *LIVE UP* TO THAT REPUTATION.

WE HAVE *MUCH* TO DO, EVERYONE.

WHAT HAPPENS NOW?

WELL, MAGNETO WILL LEAD THEM.

HIS FIRST ORDER OF BUSINESS IS TO WORK WITH HIS *PSYCHICS* TO *UNDO* THE COMATOSE POPULACE OF PHOENIX.

HE MEANT *US*, CALVIN.

DO WE GET TO *LEAVE*? GO *HOME*? WHAT?

I MEAN, WE DID A PRETTY *MISERABLE* JOB. MAGNUS GOT *KILLED* AND A COUPLE OF HUNDRED THOUSAND PEOPLE ARE *VEGE-TABLES.*

BLEEEK

AND WHAT ABOUT THE TIMELINE OF *MAGNUS'S* REALITY? DID HE SET THINGS *RIGHT*? IF HE COULD DIE, THEN--

HEY!! NEW CHICK ON DECK!

UH... HI. I'M *MARIKO.* MARIKO YASHIDA. *SUNFIRE.* THE TIMEBROKER SENT ME.

I'VE ALSO BECOME *"UNHINGED FROM TIME..."*

I'M YOUR NEW TEAM MEMBER.

WOW. *"OUT WITH THE OLD..."* THANKS FOR THE *GRACE PERIOD...*

HE ALSO SAID WE WERE READY TO *MOVE ON...* AND IT WOULD HAPPEN *AUTOMATICALLY.*

IS THAT RIGHT? WELL, ISN'T HE JUST *FULL* OF ANSWERS!

BLEEEEENK!

BLEEENK!

BE *SILENT,* LORD CHAMBERLAIN!

MAN, THOSE TRIPS MAKE ME *NAUSEOUS.* CLEAR ME A WIDE BERTH. I MAY *RALPH.*

BLINK, WHERE ARE WE? WHAT DOES THE *TALLUS* SAY?

YES, WHAT...

Wait. This *can't* be...

I KNOW YOU ARE SINCERE-- BUT THE RISK IS *TOO GREAT.*

MY GOD-- *IT IS.* WE'RE *HERE.*

IS *THIS* WHAT I *THINK* IT IS?

WE'RE *WHERE?* WHAT IS IT?

LILANDRA-- *WAIT!* JEAN GREY ARIN'NN HAELAR!

WE'RE AT--

THE TRIAL OF PHOENIX!

NEXT: FROM PHOENIX, AZ TO PHOENIX!